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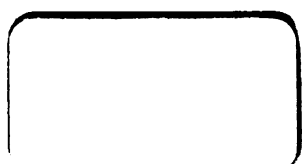
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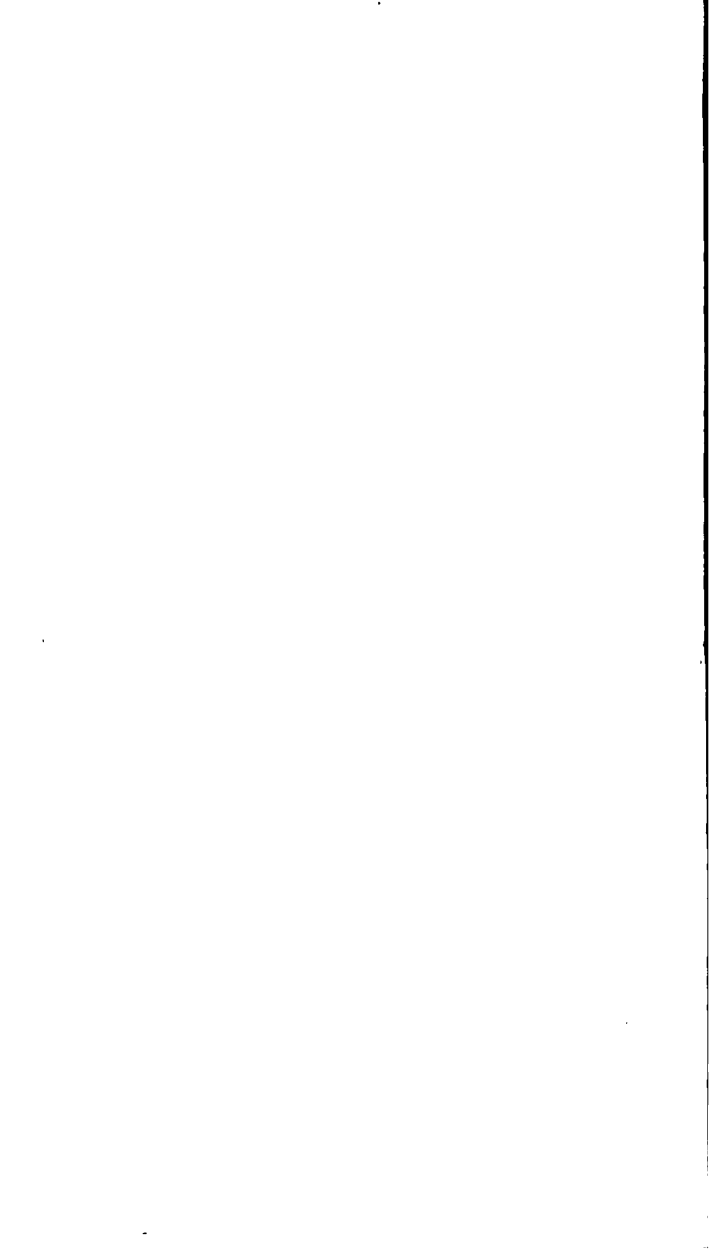


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P O E M S

OF

HOME AND ABROAD.

BY

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WM. P. TOMLINSON.



NEW YORK :

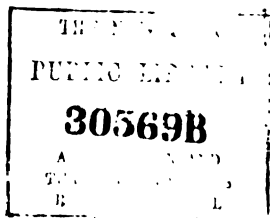
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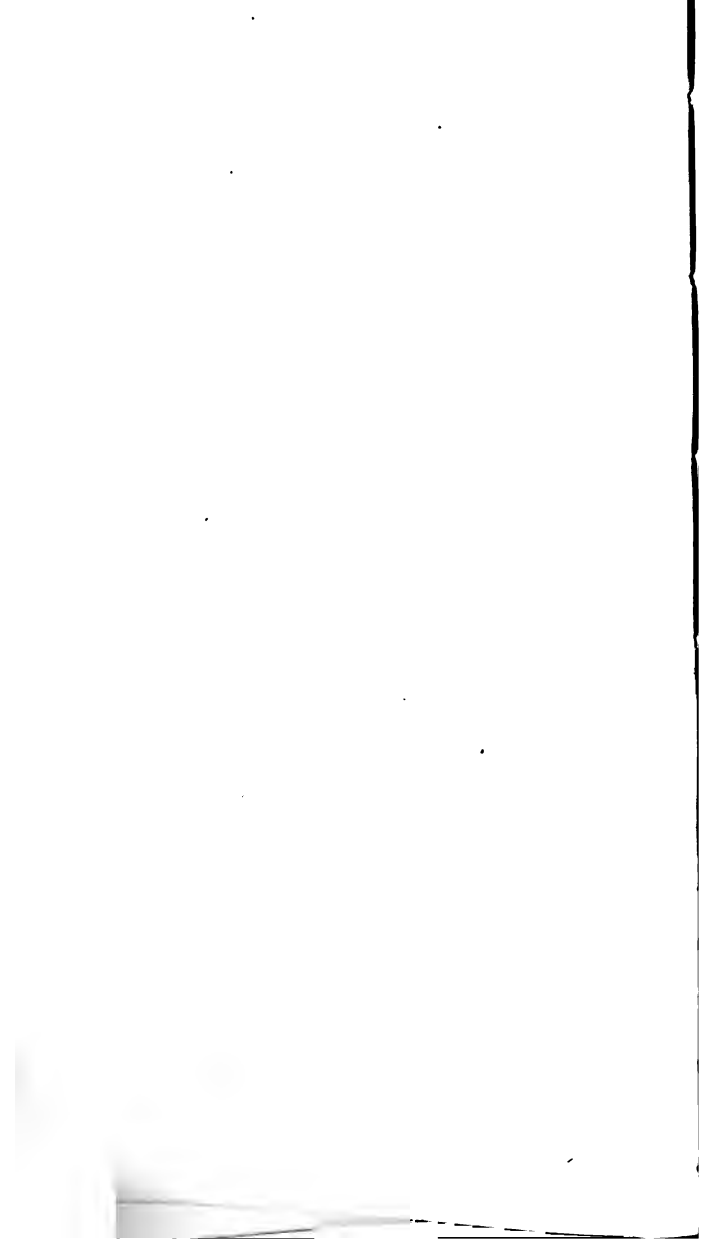
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PROEM DEDICATORY.

TO LEWIS BUCKMAN, NEW-YORK CITY.



S one who, freed from erewhile tasks,
By hearth surveys the year's increase ;
O friend, the mellow Autumn basks,
In lap of plenty and of peace.

O'er distant uplands, faintly borne,
Ring woodman echoes oft and low ;
And in among the tented corn,
All day the huskers come and go.

The woodlands, hectic flushing all,
Stand, sadly, each day more discrowned ;
And, shaken by the light winds, fall
The chestnuts pattering to the ground.

All is at peace ! a slumb'rous air
Broods o'er the homestead studded lea ;
O'er steepled town in distance fair,
And river winding to the sea.

Fled from the sky its crimson stain ;
From hearth and home that ghastly crease,
Unto our Northern land again
Comes back the welcome reign of Peace.

Comes back—and still we seem to hear
That first, sweet, rapturous refrain ;
Then, blue of heaven seemed more near,
The birds had caught a sweeter strain.

I breast no more the world's rough tides ;
 I catch but echoes of its strife,
 And stilly, as yon shallop, glides
 The peaceful current of my life.

While you, within the crowded mart,
 The life of nature's promptings know ;
 Content I am to sit apart
 From its great restless ebb and flow.

Your breath is drawn amid its crowds—
 Within its vortex are your dreams ;
 I only see the skimming clouds ;
 I only hear the murm'ring streams.

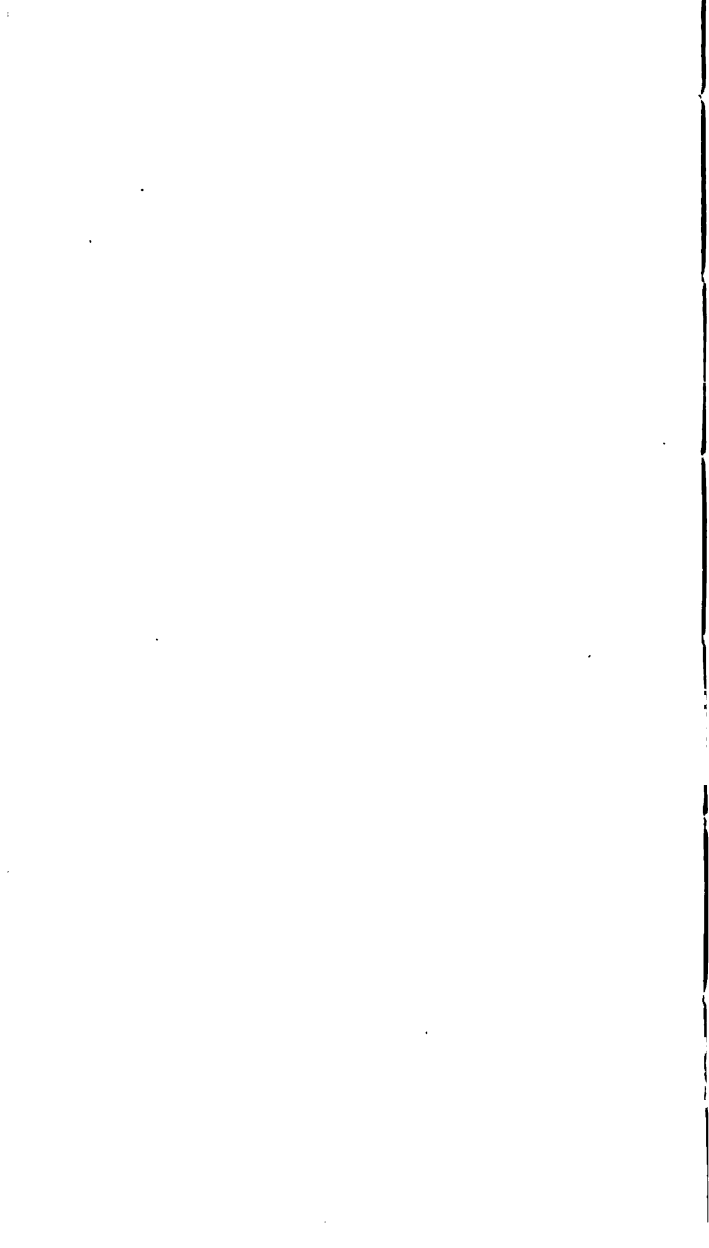
The wide wing of your commerce chafes,
 In weary round, the farthest cape ;
 My only ventures are the waifs
 Some airy fancy gives to shape.

As one who presses bloom or leaf,
To keep its little fragrance long ;
I bind it in a simple sheaf,
My Autumn glean of earlier song.

The world, that grander voicing knows,
May little pause to note or hear ;
Content I am if only those
I love will bend the list'ning ear.

UPLAND, *October 25th*, 1865.

POEMS OF ABROAD.





FAREWELL LINES.

LAND of my birth ! fast fade thy shores
And headlands from my straining view ;
A wrathful ocean round me roars,
Land of my heart, a long adieu !
Weeks must pass on these waters blue,
And months elapse in foreign land,
Ere with the cherished friends and true
Of childhood, I again can stand.

But though more gorgeous skies may bend
Full oft my wand'ring pathway o'er ;
And fairer lands their witchery lend
Of art divine and treasured lore ;—

Still fondly to my native shore
Will turn my thoughts at morn and eve,
Upon the treasured few to pore,
Who o'er my absence long will grieve.

'Tis not some haunting ill to flee,
Or joy illusory to find ;
Tempt I a wild, tempestuous sea,
And fortune favoring or unkind.
Far dearer joys I leave behind
Than any I may hope to meet ;
Yet light as cleaves yon gull the wind,
Springs forth my heart new scenes to greet.

I go, the glories of a land
I've roamed in fancy long, to view ;
To wander, pilgrim staff in hand,
The fair realms of the Old World through

My longing eyes again the New,
Now lost to sight, may ne'er behold ;
But sweet the thought, e'en in adieu,
That God's great love all lands doth fold.

AT SEA, 1859.

A DIRGE.

MOURN for the forms that sleep,
Low in the ocean deep,
For whom the eyes that weep
Will look in vain to greet ;
Ah, naught of earth could save
The young, the fair, the brave—
All found beneath the wave
A common winding-sheet.

Ay, countless are the forms,
Whom life no longer warms,
Borne by the ocean storms,
O'er waste forever tost ;

For, ceaseless as thy moan,
O Ocean, mystic, lone,
Through all the ages flown,
Has been wail for the lost.

Mourn for the hopes laid low !
Mourn for the hearts of woe !
Mourn that the world should know
Of bitterness and death !
Mourn that on land or sea,
The fairest things that be,
Must pass away from e'e,
As rose at summer's breath !

But joy, oh joy ! that there
Is realm transcending fair,
Where never sin nor care,
Nor any ill may be ;

The lost by land or wave,
Through Him who died to save,
May burst thy bonds O, grave !
To live eternally !

AT SEA, 1859.

THE MINIATURE.

“ **H**ERE are my household treasures,
My jewels, priceless, rare ;
O scant would be earth's pleasures
Without their faces fair !”

Thus spake, one dreary even,
The Captain of our ship ;
And held to view the likeness
He had pressed to his lip.

It was a fair young mother,
With infant in her arm ;
And over both their faces
There hung a 'witching charm.

The features of the infant
Were cast in rarest mould ;
The dark hair of the mother
Fell o'er its locks of gold.

Its soft blue eyes were glancing
As it some joy had found ;
And dimples sweet were dancing
In its cheeks, soft and round.

The mother's glance was upward,
With look saint-like and mild,
As though invoking angels
To aye watch o'er her child.

Long gazed I on the picture,
So perfect and so pure,
Ere to the sire and husband
I gave the miniature.

"No marvel it you treasure,"
Then spake I earnestly ;
"And great must be your pleasure,
In following the sea,—

"To know, while winds are howling,
And breakers round you foam,
The hearts you prize most fondly
Are safe in their far home."

A look of deep affection
O'er his rough features stole,
As though on them was pictured
The language of the soul.

"You rightly judge my feelings,
And yet their depth and might,
As hidden are from seeing
As the land lost to sight,

“ Before those ties so tender
Were by me form'd, I knew
No joy, save that of being
Upon these waters blue.

“ The ocean was my mistress ;
I was contented ne'er,
Unless its fitful music
Was sounding in my ear.

“ For with the raging billow,
The tempest fierce and wild,
And treach'rous reef, deep hidden,—
I'd wrestled from a child.

“ But now that early passion
Is absorbed in the fire,
Enkindled on the altar
Of truer love's desire.

“ And sail I on the ocean,
Cross and recross it o’er,
With body reft from spirit,
That lingers on the shore.

“ I joy no more in tempest,
I care no more to roam,
For ever memory’s magnet
Points to the loved of home.

“ And when kind fortune measures
The means to live at ease,
I’ll sit down with my treasures,
And tempt no more the seas.”

AT SEA, 1859.

THE ISLE OF ST. MARY.



F all the isles that gem,
Old ocean's diadem,
From frigid Newfoundland to warm Canary ;
None, for its climate fair,
And beauty wondrous rare,
Vies with the pride of Azores—St. Mary.

When half like wild'ring dream
The thought of land doth seem,
To him who long has sailed on ocean lonely ;
Bursts like a Paradise
Before his raptured eyes
Its vine-wreathed cliffs and village quaint and only.

It seems a region blest,
An Arcady of rest,
By some chance placed upon the earth unstable ;
As lovely as the fair
Hesperian gardens were,
Of which we wond'ring read in olden fable.

Within its sheltered dells,
Perpetual beauty dwells,—
The winter's footstep soft no charm decreases ;
But fruits and flowers gay
Make all the year a May,
And load with perfumes sweet the evening breezes.

Rarely its dwellers hear
From either hemisphere,
So lone their lives, so placid and retiring ;
Empires may rise and fall,
Kings millions hold in thrall,
Nor know they what is in the world transpiring.


As in times primitive,
They move, they act, they live,
And day by day their simple pursuits follow ;
They dress the spreading vine,
They tend the browsing kine,
And plant the fruit-tree in each sheltered hollow.

And when the day is o'er,
Resounds along the shore
The jest and song from rustics in groups seated ;
While 'mid the orange groves
The dark-eyed maiden roves
To hear those tender vows once more repeated.

It is a planet lone,
A world all of its own,
Though but a speck, an atom in existence ;
And half a sigh I heave,
So fair a spot to leave,
And see it vanish, like the past, in distance.

AT SEA, 1859.

AN INVOCATION.

HOU art come ! thou art come ! fair
breeze, at last,

And before thy coming bends low the mast ;
Our barque, like a bird from its cage set free,
Darts swiftly over the billowy sea ;
Our spirits, long drooping, soar hopeful once more,
As fond fancy pictures the joys of the shore ;
Then blow, sweet Afer, blow steady and strong,
And waft our barque swiftly her pathway along !

O, long for thy coming, sighed we in vain,
While tossing about, the sport of the main ;
In all of its changes a beauty it wore,
And long dear to the heart the wild aspect it bore :

But we wearied at last of billow and storm,
And sighed for the land as for a loved form ;—
Then blow, sweet Afer, blow steady and strong,
And waft our barque swiftly her pathway along !

We steer not, 'tis true, to the land of our birth,
But we sail for a clime the most lovely of earth ;
We go where the rose hath ever a bloom,
And orange groves scatter a ceaseless perfume ;
Where the fame of its past, with which the world
rings,


At eve by her lattice the Spanish maid sings ;
Then blow, sweet Afer, blow steady and strong,
And waft our barque swiftly her pathway along !

We have bidden adieu, with sighs and with tears,
To the home of our childhood—it may be for years ;
We have seen the dear land of the loved and the true,
Like a cherished hope fade on the ocean blue ;

Dangers may lurk in the way to be trod,
But hopeful we'll meet them—our faith is in God ;
Then blow, sweet Afer, blow steady and strong,
And waft our barque swiftly her pathway along !

AT SEA, 1859.

IN THE STRAIT.

 F aught the heart of him who pines for home,
Could steep in an elysium of bliss ;
Methinks 'twould be to sail upon the foam

On such an eve, 'mid such a scene as this :
Balmy and soft as maiden's virgin kiss,
Steals the low breeze from spicy groves of Spain;
And scarce the brilliant rays of sun we miss
In Luna's beams, who, with her starry train,
Bathes in a silvery flood, the desert, shore and
main.

But not in sparkling wave, or starry sky,
In balmy breeze, or castellated coast,
The weird, the soft, bewitching charm doth lie,
That holds my spirit willing captive most.

Though passing few the spots of earth that boast
Of rarer charms than those on which I gaze,
Far dearer treasure hath it in the host
Of stirring memories of other days,
That arise, with its cliffs, out of time's golden haze.

Yonder, where seaward juts Trafalgar's cape,
Rocky and high, and capped by tower round ;
Once rained the cannon shot and fiery grape,
And echoed ocean battle's direful sound.
There Britain won her victory renowned,
And Albion's gallant hero battling fell ;
What heart so cold as not to quicker bound,
As on the scene the eye doth ling'ring dwell,
And seamen old, of Nelson's fame and prowess
tell ?

And less'ning, ever less'ning as we glide,
The rocky gate that opes from sea to sea,
Through which must pass the commerce and the pride
Of all the nations and the lands that be.

From pleasant Spanish towns the notes of glee

Chime sweetly with the surge and fresh'ning gale,

But drear and lonely, distant o'er our lee,

Looks Afric's rugged mount or sterile vale,

From which, for ages flown, has risen voice of wail

Yet not thus ever servile, base and low

Have been the dusky offspring of that clime ;

Once with high hopes the Moorish heart did glow,

And flourished commerce, science, art a time.

Ay, went they forth in splendor of their prime,

And rang all Europe with their deeds of fame ;

But gone from lands once swayed the Moorish chime,

And gone the greatness of the Moorish name,

While dwell their glorious piles but to attest
their shame.

And o'er these waves, so lone and quiet now,

What men illustrious oft have sailed !

Here journeyed Paul, with calm, majestic brow,

To spread the faith of Him by woman wailed

Here with his fierce Crusaders, triple mailed,
Passed monkish Peter to Judea's strand,
And Rome's great Cæsar, 'fore whose prowess
 quailed

The Catiffs, who in secret had his ruin planned,
Sailed 'long these shores to win once more his
 native land.

Here Hannibal, who lifetime hatred swore
Against his city's rival—mighty Rome—
Invoked the gods his people did adore
To waft him still more swiftly o'er the foam
Where he might meet the foe e'en in their home.
And more, far more ! these waters blue once
 curled
Round the frail barques that unknown seas did roam,
When with stout heart and canvas fair unfurled,
Went great Columbus forth *to ope to light*
 a world.

O, memories that stir the inmost soul !

O, recollections of an olden day !

How like the thoughts of treasured friends ye roll

O'er heart of him from native land away !

Yonder in distance, rising faint and gray,

I mark the Hercules' pillar famed of old ;

Soon we its port will gain, and thou, my lay,

Wilt go 'mid scenes that I may not behold,

Till o'er my changeful sky have years of
wand'rings rolled.

NEAR GIBRALTAR. 1860.

THE VENTA.

WID clouds that gather low'ring,
The sun is sinking low ;
And from the distant Sierra
The wind doth rudely blow.

When fades the struggling sunbeam,
And the last ray of light
Is swallowed up in darkness,
'Twill be a fearful night !

But let the sky look low'ring,
Let rain or hail begin,
I care not for the tempest,—
I've gained a wayside Inn.

I've thrown aside the knapsack,
The staff I've thrown aside ;
And from the scanty larder
My wants have satisfied.

Full is the Inn of people,
Where burns the broad hearth-fire,
Sit muleteer and carman
In varied attire.

And mingling free among them,
The first in revelry,
I note the Ronda smuggler
By garb and flashing eye.

I join the group, light hearted—
To legend, jest or song,
So novel all to stranger,
I sit and listen long.

And when the bright wine circles,
And higher grows the cheer,
Full many a Spanish ballad
Breaks strangely on the ear.

Loud chants of Spain's past glory
The lusty muleteer,
And sings the gay-garbed smuggler,
His calling void of fear.

And comes the dark-eyed maiden,
Who, of her love in war,
In tender strain and mournful,
Low sings to the guitar.

Loud roars without the tempest,
The tumult loud within,
You scarce can hear the singer,
So great doth wax the din.

For each one than his fellow

Doth strive to be more gay,
And with dance, song and music,
To while the night away.

No thought is there of slumber,

Though fast the hours wane,
And "noon of night" doth vanish,
Sprite-like, amid the rain.

But I, as I have often,

In wand'ring tawny Spain,
Will lie down 'mid the revel,
The needed rest to gain.


O, he who long doth wander

O'er the great world, will find
There's more of good than seemeth
Existent 'mid his kind !

And 'mid these hills of Ronda
As sound will be my rest,
As though in childhood's chamber
Once more a couch I prest.

NEAR RONDA, 1860.

SONG OF THE RONDA SMUGGLER.

OME love the crowded city,
With all its thousand ills,
And some the quiet country,
But I—I love the hills !

Some dig the earth for booty,
Some plow the sea for gold,
Some riches win by courage—
And I'm a smuggler bold !

To each man comes the calling
That doth befit him best,
And I have known these mountains
Since life first warmed my breast.

My childhood's only lesson
Was as my sire to do ;
To thread the dang'rous defile,
And *point the carbine true.*

But though I live by plunder,
I scorn mean acts of wrong,—
And when I seek for booty,
I wrestle with the strong :

The coast-guards and the patrols,
The leeches of the land,
Who to oppress the people
For centuries have planned.

'Tis joy with them to grapple,
Their arts all to evade,
And carry off my booty
To mount or lonesome glade.

But when, like stag long followed,
At bay I've fearless stood,
If they too *close have pressed me,*
Be on their heads the blood !

My gainings I share ever,—
The lowest of the low,
While I have aught to give him
Will never suff'ring go.

And so, on plain or hillside,
Where'er my ways I wend,
The peasantry all bless me,
And seek me to befriend.

And when I enter village
To drain the social glass,
To talk my past deeds over,
And kiss the rosy lass :

Free as the bird that warbles,
I pour forth tale or song,
For none of all that hear me
In aught would do me wrong.

I know the life I follow
Is a wild one at best,
And that to priest, sins many
I seldom have confessed.

But God is good, and judgeth
Most leniently of all,—
And I in death from glory
Will pray me not to fall.

RONDA, 1860.

THE SPANISH MAID'S LAMENT.



ASK me not when I am sad
To strike the lyre to measure glad ;
My heart is heavy, full of woe,
I cannot bid gay numbers flow ;
My love in war is far from me,
Nor do I know if well he be,
For knows he not the name of fear,
When rushing on the Moslem spear ;
So if my fingers touch the string,
'Tis but of tender Love to sing.

Once when my heavy heart was light,
My wan cheek round, my dull eye bright,

Airs sportive I could sit and play,
From dawning until dusk of day—
And oft to vex my lover kind,
Would roam the vale with am'rous hind ;
But sorely now the past I mourn,
And acts to him from bosom torn ;
So if my fingers touch the string,
'Tis but of tender Love to sing.

Not as of yore I care to look
Upon my image in the brook ;
Or seek to bend coquettish glance,
Upon admirers in the dance.
I know, despoiled by ceaseless care,
My face doth daily grow less fair ;
And what are smiles of swains to me,
If I my Carlos cannot see ?
So if my fingers touch the string,
'Tis but of tender Love to sing.

One hope alone sustains my breast,
(Without it life were all unblest)—
I deem that war will soon be o'er,
And I my Carlos see once more ;
O, quickly would these arms enfold
My lover, as in days of old !
O, gladly as his bride, I'd dwell
In cot in some sun shiny dell !
Then, when my fingers touched the string,
'Twould be of blissful Love to sing !

RONDA, 1860.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF
WASHINGTON IRVING.



WAIL comes from the distant West !

The honored offspring of her breast,
All laurel-crowned hath dropped to rest.

Their offering of sympathies,
To mingle with a nation's sighs,
In every land the mourners rise.

But none of all the funeral train,
His memory, without a stain,
Will dearer hold than tawny Spain.

In early day he sought her shore,
And wrought her legendary lore,
In pictures beauteous evermore.

Here, where he dwelt, the tears that swell
From hearts that knew his bounty, tell
How fondly he was loved and well.

Poor Mateo ! old honest guide,
Thou'st lost thy patron and thy pride,
For whom, like David, thou'dst have died !

And like a blast from Sierra cold,
Fell on the hearts of young and old,
The startling news wherever told.

The maiden braiding her dark hair,
The sire with furrowed brow of care,
And manhood strong, all sad look bear.

No more, ah never, never more
These haunts so lovely to explore,
Will press that footstep as of yore !

The rose may with the summers blow,
The almond bloom, the fountain flow,
But still that heart, and cold, and low.

But while to all a beauty clings—
While all the pile majestic rings
With memories of its Moslem kings,—

By genius, virtue, purpose high,
Thrice linked to immortality,
The name of Irving will not die !

AT THE ALHAMBRA, 1860.

THE PARTING.



AND so you're really starting ?

Be still my foolish heart !

What is there in our parting ?

The best of friends must part !

Nothing ! though long together

As we may ne'er again,

In foul or pleasant weather,

We've trudged through sunny Spain

'Twas pleasant sure our meeting

Beside Gibraltar Bay ;

The fortress no such greeting

I ween looked on that day.

And when from out its portals
We sallied one fair morn,
Three happy, careless mortals,
To traverse way forlorn,

Was hope of pleasure ever
So fell nipped in the bud ?
Methinks that we were never
Less than boot-top in mud.

Ah, fair were Ronda mountains,
That in the sunshine lay !
But fairer yet the fountains
Beside the weary way !

Its town of dark-eyed daughters,
Its brigands fierce and bold,
And madly leaping waters,
We were not to behold.

The old inn by the castle,
That night our tired frames held,
Where many a lordly wassail
Had been in days of eld.

Up the old walls we clambered,
With early beams of light,
And saw, all golden ambered,
The sea—a glorious sight.

'Twas worth the toilsome journey,
A moment of such gaze,
To live 'mid memory's jewels,
Through all your after days.

But why—why should I linger
Upon a single theme,
When all the fleeting picture
Is unrolled as a dream ?

The sea, star-lit and stilly,
The long night on the deck,
The coach ride weary, chilly,—
All leap at fancy's beck.

And here, in this old city,
As passed has day by day,
How like some caroled ditty,
Have flowed our lives away !

Now with hushed footstep treading
Some grand old corridor,
Where art divine is wedding
A beauty evermore :—

Now carelessly down winding
The old streets of the town,
And aye, and ever finding,
Some charm our joy to crown :—

But all at last is over !

We part upon this day ;
Where flies you eager plover,
You take the southward way.

The charms that you are leaving,
You may not so deplore,
For your fair, sunny future
Hath joys as great in store.

The thought awhile may sadden,
As cleaves your barque the foam,
But soon the eye will gladden
At sight of dear, old Rome.

But I—sad thought and dreary—
O'er hill or lonesome plain,
Must take the highway weary
That leads to northern Spain.

O, all bereft of pleasure,
My onward way would be,
But for the hoarded treasure
Of comrade memory.

Yes, walk, and park, and fountain,
And palace beauteous aye ;
Fair vale, and towering mountain,
I bear ye all away !

And ye, O friends, of travel,
So loyal, frank, and true,
Life's threads may ne'er unravel
Joys by-gone to renew.

In all the world of being,
Again we may not meet,
But of these days, the memory
Will live while pulse shall beat.

So take my hand at starting—


Be still, fond, foolish heart ;

And mourn not at our parting—

The best of friends must part !

AT THE ALHAMBRA, 1860.

LA MANCHA.

 O to the dogs, thou Murray !
Avaunt ! thou boastful Ford !
Though all should favors curry,
I'll own thee not as lord !

This is my ipse dixit,—
To it I will adhere,
My guide shall be Don Quixote
Through all this province drear.

'Twas vowed, 'mid boyhood's fancies,
As hugging book to breast,
I read it 'mid the pansies
Of old home in the West.

The mirth-provoking revels
Where roved the Don of old ;
The long La Mancha levels,
All took, on fancy, hold.

And now, as bursts to fire,
The sparks that long have glowed ;
Light-hearted as his squire,
I trudge along the road.

Ah, sun-burnt are the faces
On which the fierce wind plays,
And passing few the traces
Of graceful, southern ways !

Tattered is the apparel
That erst was all so gay,
And rarely lightsome carol
Is heard along the way.

And, as its children, weary
 With ill-paid toil and cares,
A look pinched up and dreary,
 The face of nature bears.

But here and there an orchard,
 Some ragged hill-slope crowns ;
And blotch o'er all the landscape,
 The straggling, mud-built towns.

But over all, the glory
 Of romance sitteth crowned ;
I read the world-wide story
 In objects all around.

Yonder in the Venta crumbling,
 Its walls all ivyed o'er ;
The knight so long was mumbling
 Prayers 'mid his penance sore.

And up the vale still higher,
From yon town slight apart,
Was where he told his squire
To be of valliant heart.

Ah, Sancho ! honest Sancho !
That loved thy ease and cup ,
How like the ghost of Banquo
Thy form keeps rising up !

I see thee and thy master,
(Was ever sorrier pair !)
Tilt through yon sedgy pasture,
At sheep on hill-side bare ;—

But faster yet returning,
A-smarting with the thwacks,
Bestowed by shepherds, vengeful,
Upon your luckless backs !

* * * * *

Ah, knight becrazed, and squire,
Laugh as the centuries may,
Ye called to something higher
The nations of your day !

As light on darksome pages,
Or breath of simoon fire,
Burst on those by-gone ages
That withering satire !

From out of gloomy prison
Right proudly it did soar ;
From whence to bliss have risen
Such grand thoughts evermore.

Great Bunyan's pilgrim fearless—
Sweet Tasso's strain that falls ;
And Luther's labor, peerless—
We owe to dungeon walls.

Ay, within gloomy portal,
The body ye may bind,
But soar will thought immortal,
To aid and bless mankind !

* * * * *

But all too long, I linger ;
The twilight settles gray,
And points yon sign its finger
To Tembleque, far away.

Adieu, ye old-time places !
And story old, adieu !
Soon rare Toledo's graces
Will dawn on raptured view.

Amid its beetling towers,
Its charms bewild'ring, gay,
Will pass from mind these hours,
Dreamed 'long the lonesome way.


So adieu, drear La Mancha !

Don, whose fame long will dwell,
And honest Sancho Panza ;

To one and all, farewell !

LA MANCHA, 1860.

TO J * * * * * H * * * * *

 HE goal so long desired is won !
And, stretching far from eye away,
All glorious in the mid-day sun,
The realm of La Belle France doth lay.
From distant ocean, white with sails,
Faint steals o'er heated plains the breeze ;
And hemming in the fair Basque vales,
A white wall soars the Pyrenees.
The noble streamlet at my feet,
That doth the joining realms divide,
As eager, ocean's kiss to greet,
Dashes along its turbid tide.

Up the steep highway, loaded wains
Move slow amid a dust-cloud's whirls ;
And sweetly from the distant plains
Come songs from laboring peasant girls.
Upon a bank by violets crowned,
I've thrown me 'neath a linden's shade,
Where faint doth steal the dreamy sound
By bird and bee and maiden made.
An hour is all now left to me
Of weeks and months in tawny Spain ;
And that, tried friend, I'll give to thee,
And to the thoughts that crowd on brain.

Since with adieus breathed tearfully,
We parted by the Hudson's side,
And stood the gallant ship to sea,
O, friend, I've wandered far and wide !
I've stood on barren Afric's strand,
Where fierce the Cross and Crescent war ;

And seen the children of the land
Fleeing to hills and deserts far.
I've roamed Alhambra's gorgeous halls,
Where still a fadeless glory clings ;
And to the ear of fancy, falls
The footsteps of its Moslem kings.
I've seen fair Seville's domes arise,
And Cadiz, from the dark blue sea ;
And fair have moved before my eyes
Their maidens, famed in minstrelsy.
On many a ruin, old and gray,
On many a castle's mould'ring wall,
I've seen the glowing sunbeams play,
And fair regilding moonbeams fall.
Yet still the yearning, long denied—
The boyish wish far lands to view,
With its rare draughts unsatisfied,
Lureth me on from New to New.

Oft I have wished, O friend, for thee,
And felt if thou wert by my side,
My cup of happiness would be
O'erflowing with its blissful tide.
Spain's wealth of learning to explore
I've pored o'er volumes musty, rare ;
But better I'd have learned its lore,
Could'st thou in task have had a share.
For, from the roseate days of youth,
As brothers fond we twain have been ;
And many a pleasant spot in sooth,
Together rambling we have seen.
The discourses, lone scenes amid ;
The dangers of the mountain way,
Have called forth feelings deepest hid,
And heart to heart endeared for aye.
I do not care that e'er my name
To strangers cold should sounded be ;
Not happiest they whom noisy fame
Give dreams of immortality.

To know that far beyond the wave,
The hearts I love still beat for me,
Is all my spirit desires, save
To once more their dear faces see.

FRENCH FRONTIER, 1860.

TO MY MOTHER.



MOTHER ! in thy Western home,
What thoughts this eve thy mind employ ?

Speeds ever fancy o'er the foam
At gloaming to thy wand'ring boy ?

No more 'mid pent air of the town,
A weary invalid I lie ;
But round me is the breezy down,
And o'er me bends fair Scotia's sky.

Up Cheviot Hills, the parting glow
Of ling'ring day-beams slow recede ;
And in the valley far below
I mark the windings of the Tweed.

O, names of history and fame !
Of knightly deed and poet song !
Dull were that heart to all, and tame,
That did not on ye linger long !

I mind me, Mother, of the days
When but a child thy knee beside ;
Thou'dst chant from Scotia's moving lays,
To while away the even tide.

Or, later—when the thought of time,
Or boyhood task, was all forgot,
Poring o'er Burns' passioned rhyme,
Or statelier epic march of Scott.

O, Mother ! as at memory's play
The folded Past once more I see ;
How like a thing of yesterday,
Those vanished years come back to me !

Across the watery waste, once more
Thy cherished form I seem to see ;
Thou sittest by the old home door,
The open Bible at thy knee.

The shadows of the poplars fall
In wavy lines o'er porch and room ;
And just beyond the garden wall
The lilacs burst in sweet May bloom.

O, Mother ! 'neath these alien skies
O'er nature, art, a glory gleams ;
And, flashing as the Orient, rise
The splendors of the olden dreams,—

But all forgot each bowed-at-shrine ;
In rapture of the home recall,
To clasp this eve thy hand in mine
Were worth the glory of them all !

LOCH KATRINE.



MOMENT—yet a moment ! let me take,

As fades the day, one ling'ring view ;
I see thy light waves shoreward break,
I catch each fleeting charm anew !

Thou magic mirror ! all the day,
As in a happy charmed trance,
I've read, within thy shifting play,
The glory of the old romance.

Though now by thee, no Snowdown's knight
May wander, as of old, forlorn ;
Or Ellen, in her beauty bright,
Await the blast of bugle horn,—

Still, still thy mirrored bosom gives
 The Past, with all its pageantry ;
Touched by the wand of genius, lives
 An endless charm, sweet lake, in thee !

O when, o'er fair land of the West,
 Where all of grandeur lavish teems ;
Will halo of the minstrel rest
 On all her prouder hills and streams ?

O for a spirit's lofty mould,
 (For such, my country, is thy due,)
Who, wedded not to echoes old,
 Would ring the numbers of the new !

Must time still soften ? history's page
 Grow dim with dust of centuries,
And all the mellowing of age
 Be, ere we list those harmonies ?

I wait the minstrel ! he whose wand
Must touch each stream with wizard spell ;
Proud spirit of my forest land
Stand forth thy master-art to tell !

* * * * *

But pales each object to the view
In broad wing of the swooping night,
The summit of far Ben-venue
Alone retains the flush of light.

Sweet Loch of Katrine ! ne'er again
May I be of thy shores a part ;
But on the land or on the main,
I'll bear thy music in my heart.

LOCH KATRINE, 1860.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PART FIRST.



FRIEND ! fled has all sense of care,
Amid the Autumn sunshine fair,
I gaze on "bonny banks of Ayr."

The bending alders by it grow ;
The clouds above lean soft and low ;
Like poet music is its flow.

And just beyond its sedgy bound,
Upon a plot of rising ground,
I see the cottage, world-renowned.

And like some tidal ebb and flow,
Beneath its roof, moss-grown and low,
All day the gazers come and go.

Ah, little recked its sanctity !
They carve their names on mantle-tree ;
You catch their careless notes of glee !

My Malison upon his head,
Who thus, by idle desire led,
Cracks jest 'mid memories of the dead !

I shut from sense that jarring glee ;
I throw myself on grassy lea ;
Each spot he loved is dear to me.

Ah, matchless singer ! when will e'er
Such warble, skyward soaring, clear,
Again a world delighted hear ?


Thy life was like the mounting lark
That soars some higher note to hark,
But settles in the starless dark !

But 'mid the arching aisles of day
The glory of that matin lay
Will dwell to bless mankind for aye.

And for the harp no more to wake,
As seas that shoreward moaning break,
Their long lament will ages make !

SECOND PART.

O, FRIEND ! fades vale and stream from e'e ;
At magic wand of memory,
Another cottage plain I see.



The vines are clustering round the door ;
The Autumn pours its lavish store,
The dear New England valley o'er.

With thee, as on a vanished day,
I walk 'mid verdure of the May,
And blossoms drifting as the spray.

With thee, I slow pace up and down
By stream below the olden town,
Where spindles cease the ear to drown.

Or, standing on some lofty reach,
Beyond the drifted sands that bleach,
See ocean breaking on the beach.

Or yet within that dear home-nook,
Forth on the scene of beauty look,
Fair as the page of missal-book.

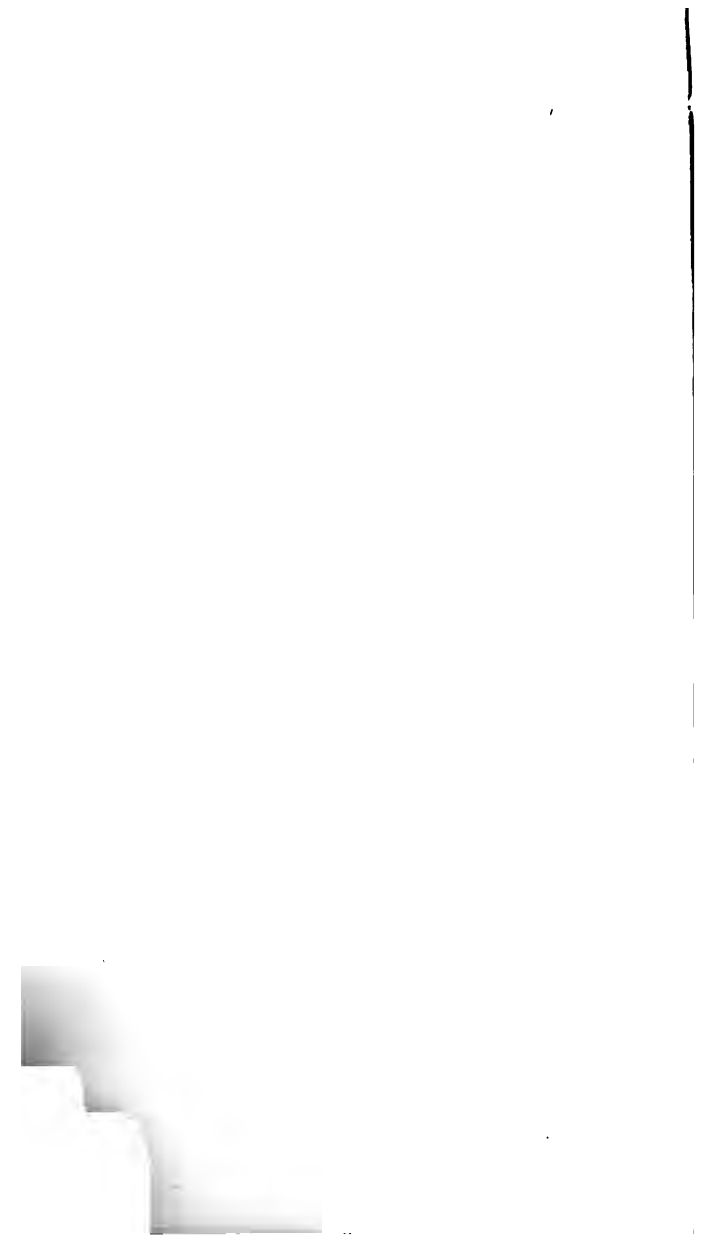
While she, thy sister—poet's pride,—
And by song's gift so close allied,—
Gazed on the converse, dewy-eyed.

O, friend ! I've wandered far since then—
I've trodden ways fair unto ken,
Yet by lone glade, or mart of men—

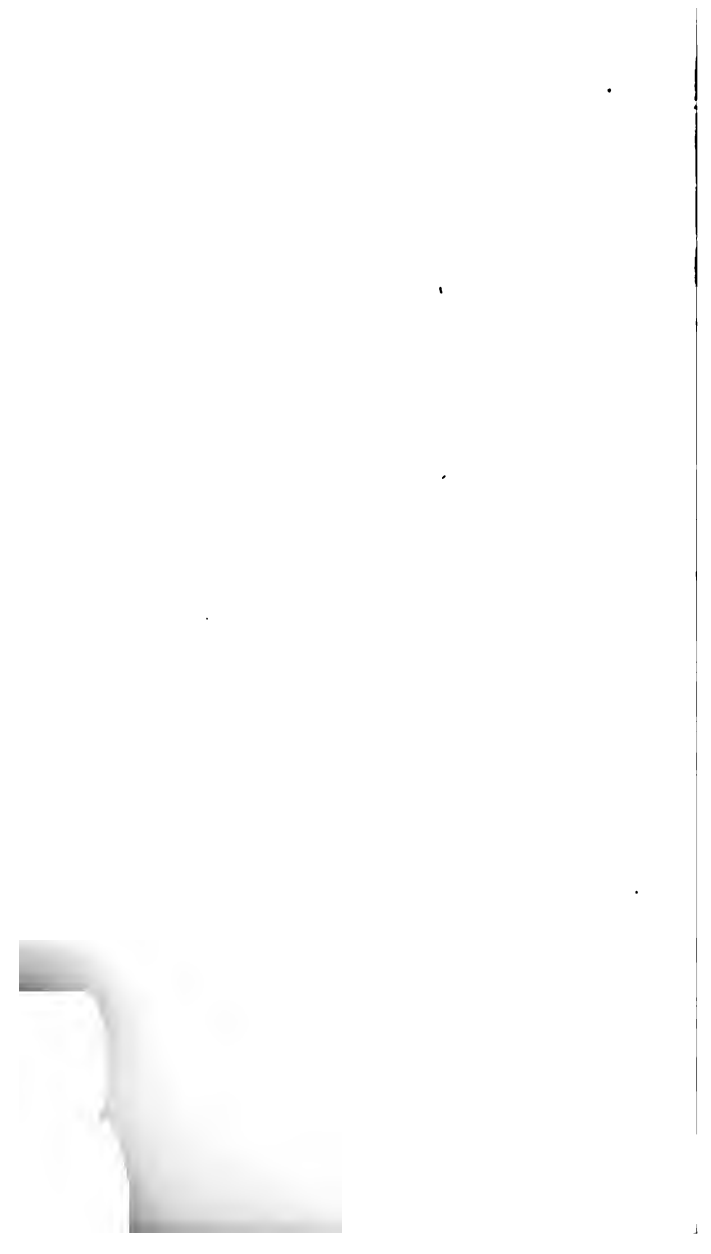
I see that picture,—live it o'er—
The quiet vale—the river shore—
The coast-line whitening evermore !

And, as slow ebbs the tide of day,
Its impress soft still clear doth stay,
To lighten all my pilgrim way.

And this poor lay of restless brain,
May chance wind waft beyond the main,
To thee, our Burns, without a stain.



POEMS OF HOME.





D E A T H .

IN the silent keeping
Of futurity,
Waits like watchful warder
Solemn day for me.

I may roam earth over,
I may sail the sea,
Yet awaits the coming
Of that day for me.


Whether stealthily creeping
In the curtained room,
Where loved ones a-weeping
Watch amid its gloom,

Or, in time unthought of,
Deals the sudden blow—
On the land or ocean,
Death must come I know.

Grant, O, All-Wise Father,
In infinity
Of thy love and mercy,
But this boon to me :

Naught I care for season,
Earthly spot or place,
But the blessed assurance
I may see Thy Face !

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANY.

 P, up ! the toil begins,
The mountain is to scale ;
Harness the giant pair of twins !
Heap high the engine fuel bins !
For far the flight the summit wins,
And steep the dizzy rail.

Up, up ! how wild and drear
Groweth the scene around ;
Below, are precipices sheer,
Down which 'tis frightful e'en to peer ;
Above, huge crags yawn ever near,
Toppling o'er depth profound.

Up, up ! how strange to think
The task stupendous o'er ;
To know while rapturously we drink
The nectar of the mountain brink,
The streets of Penn. beneath us sink
Two thousand feet or more.

Up, up ! the cloud-capped height
We have attained at last ;
A moment's pause, and then the sight,
So wild, so glorious, and bright,
Fades as we take the downward flight,
And soon—too soon is past. .

PITTSBURG.



ITY of soot and coal,
Of smoke and dust and fire,
I don't see, 'pon my soul,
Much in you to admire !

But as I'm doomed to wait,
Until the good Key West
Takes in her load of freight,
I'll paint you at your best.

So, while yon sun breaks through
The clouds that heaven fleck,
I'll sketch the fleeting view
From the good steamer's deck.

I see a wide-spread city,
 With here and there a spire,
And many buildings pretty,
 Though soiled by soot and fire.

I see a tide of life,
 Its streets surge up and down ;
I hear the hum and strife,—
 And this is Pittsburg town.

I see the gaudy streamers
 Wave out the wind before,
From scores and scores of steamers
 That lie along the shore.

And up and down the levee,
 Far, far as eye can reach,
Bales, goods, and boxes heavy,
 Are lying on the beach.

And as into the hatches
They swift do disappear,
The seamen's merry snatches
Float on my idle ear.

The steamer is receiving,
Fast, fast her goodly store,
And passengers are leaving
Friends and loved ones on shore


But as I gaze, the bell
Rings loud its warning call ;
And I must bid farewell
To Pittsburg once for all.

Slow drop we in the stream,
The whistle screams, adieu ;
And soon town-lights that gleam
Are lost unto the view.

But fair the moonbeams quiver
O'er wave or tree-top spire :
I float on La Belle River,
My boyhood's wild desire.

And, glories yet in store,
Await my eager quest,
I've crossed the threshold o'er
That opens to the West.

MORNING HYMN.

ORD of earth, the sea, and air,
What to Thee may we compare ?
Pigmy man in wonder bow,
Great thy Maker's glory now !

Erst, along yon Eastern slope
Where the earliest sunbeams ope,
Piled and dense the vapors lay,
Barring back the God of Day.

All was darkness then and gloom,
Earth but seemed a sullen tomb,
Where the prisoned soul might lie,
With no hope beyond the sky.


But as light, from sin confessed,
Sudden strikes within the breast,
Roll didst thou those mists away,
Ushering in the Autumn day ?

Swift thy smile from Eastward sped,
While flushed 'the way to rosy red ;
Now it strikes yon tree-top spire,
And tune the birds within its choir.

Earth, as some frail maiden seems,
Beauty, veiling decay, teems ;
All is lovely, free from sin,
But the germs are dead within.

And the joyance nature hath,
Maketh halo 'round my path ;
Labor seemeth but a fee
To be near the Deity.

THE METROPOLIS.

ITY of pomp and show !
Strange union of extremes !
How much of joy and woe,
In thy vast bosom teems !

A boastful nation's pride,
Beyond compeer thou art ;
In thy broad bay doth ride
The ships of every mart.

Thou art to commerce wed,
And known to every shore,
Where boastful sail is spread,
Or seaman dare explore.

The lover of the muse,
Of science, or of art,
In thy vast bosom woos
The mistress of his heart.

The ceaseless roar of trade,
From morning until night,
Makes country lad or maid
Stand oft in mute affright.

But while so much that's fair
To outward meets the eye,
Grim poverty and care,
And want and woe are nigh.

For scarce the shadow thrown,
From yonder stately row
Of palaces of stone,
Doth fall to earth below,

Ere it doth dark'ning rest
On hovels all forlorn,
Where want is aye a guest
And vice from woe is born.

There half-starved children rove
Without a sire or name,
And wanton mothers move,
Dead to all sense of shame.


Not in the world beside,
Is darker, fouler blot ;
Yet aye life's restless tide
Swells by and heeds it not.

Oh, why in Christian land,
Must ever we behold,
Where virtue should command,
Such misery untold ?

Surely some blessed time,
Is yet for man in store,
When want, and woe, and crime,
Will vex the earth no more.

A glorious city, we
Shall look on in that day,
For all the ills that be
Will then be swept away.

BESIDE THE BAY.

“OME to the window, Cousin, quick !”
 Said darling little May ;
 “ Just look between those blocks of brick,
 And see how wild the Bay !”

I rose, and to the child drew nigh,
 Fair was the scene and grand ;
 A tide, in yeasty waves and high,
 Was rolling on the land.


Far out beyond the coast-line black
 The fisher-sails were driven,
 And fast the wierdly gath'ring rack
 Was blotting out the heaven.

I gazed upon the scene so grand,
And thought that there must be
(If such the storm's wild force in-land)
A fearful night at sea.

But with the thought, the knowledge came,
The God whom we adore,
In love and mercy is the same
On raging sea, as shore.

If we in all things do His will,
Howe'er apart are driven
Our barques upon life's sea—we still
Will meet again in heaven.

T O D E L L .

 HE hours fast are fleeting,
Soon we must say, "farewell,"
While our best wishes follow
Where thou art going, Dell !

Ere yon fair sky of even
Again is roseate dyed,
Thou'lt be 'mid scenes of beauty,
Where Hudson's waters glide

Thy footsteps we will follow
On wing of fancy free,
And each rare spot of beauty,
Of vale or mountain see.

Thou'lt be a welcome comer
 Within a far home-fold ;
The glory of the summer
 'Mid other scenes behold.

Yes, Dell, I half could envy
 The life that thine will be,
Did not my conscience whisper,
 “ 'Tis not for such as thee.”

I've tasted of the pleasure
 That aye from travel springs,
And hoarded up my treasure
 Of thoughts and goodly things.

It is my aim and purpose
 To add unto the store ;
But for the busy present,
 That early dream is o'er.

In hour when the nation
 May call on every man
To aid in deathful struggle,
 'Tis idle all to plan.

O, whilom month of roses !
 O, battle month of June !
Before thy record closes
 May bells ring merry tune !

Ring traitors vanquished, flying !
 Ring hateful treason's knell !
Ring liberty undying !
 Ring all things right and well !

But while, with thinned ranks broken,
 Rushes the foe on death,
To catch the slightest token
 We list with bated breath.

* * * * *


This poor, poor gift of verses,
O, friend, I pray thee take ;
They may of home remind thee
When read beside the lake.

Adieu ! our hearts are with thee,
Upon thy northward track ,
And may our bird of passage
Come with the Autumn back !

1863.

TO A SOLDIER.

I.

HEN last came on the Autumn time,
And still a nation's cause sublime
Was trembling in the balance all,
We said, "when next comes round the fall,
Our soldiers will be home ;" alas !
God does not always bring to pass
Our fond desirings, and still we
With gold of Autumn once more see,
The army of the Northland stand
With throbbing heart and steeled hand,
While still the foe that called it forth
Defies the prowess of the North.

II.

O, friend ! I cannot, as of old,
A charm in all of life behold ;
I cannot, in some favorite nook,
My hours pore o'er well-thumbed book ;
Nor can I bask in roseate gleams
Of fancy's own delicious dreams.
-When e'er from home routine I turn,
I for the distant conflict burn ;
For never yet on history's page
Of any clime, or any age,
Was cause so worthy on record
For which a people drew the sword.

III.

Sing not, O ancient bard, to me
Thy strain of by-gone chivalry !
Tell not in grandly sounding rhyme
Thy legends of the knightly time !

For well has proved the Present, heir
To all of worth the Past did bear ;
Nor care I to what clime you go,
Or what heroic deed you show,
I'll match you hero—Bayard stood
In evil age supremely good,
But now where'er our standards wave
Are scores of Bayards, fearless, brave.

IV.

Sad was my heart, O friend, to hear
Of stoppage in thy proud career.
I'd heard full often, how thy form
Moved fearless 'mid the battle's storm ;
And how, when others sought to fly,
Thou 'dst check them with thy eagle eye ;
Yes, soldier sufferer, well thy name
Is entwined with thy country's fame ;

And crippled all as thou art now,
The laurel wreath is on thy brow.
Think of the glorious actions done !
Look at the human freedom won !
Picture the greetings that await
Thy coming at the old home-gate ;
The friendly greetings thine will be,
And let thy couch of agony,
O, friend ! be transformed at the vision
Into a resting place Elysian.

1862.

A MEMORY OF THE
CUMBERLAND VALLEY.



'ER leagues of landscape, hot and dry,
The sun of August burned,
When, with a chosen comrade, I
Into a green lane turned.

We'd left that morn the camp behind
To climb a rugged crest,
But now we sought a spot to find
Where we awhile might rest.

Before us rose a farm-house old,
Massive its walls and grey,
Such as the men of sterner mould
Built in the olden day.

A something home-like in its look,
 Our wand'ring steps had drawn,
 And, crossing o'er the purling brook,
 We hastened up the lawn.

A matron met us at the door,
 In arbor gave us seat,
 And freely from her slender store
 She spread us bread and meat.

"I have not what I would desire
 In way of food," quoth she,
 "Since through our valley passed in ire
 The rebel horde of Lee.

"But of the little, 'scaping sight
 Of the rapacious crew,
 Each soldier, battling for the right,
 Is freely welcome to."

“ Thanks for your goodness great,” said we,

“ No more need man desire ;

But did you suffer so from Lee—

The tale might we inquire ?”

“ It was a bright, bright day in June,

When first the rebels came,

And all of this fair valley, soon

Was given o’er to shame.

“ Hushed was the reaper’s voice of glee,

That rose at morning sun ;

And ached each loyal heart to see

The deeds of evil done.

“ They camped in woodlands here-about,

They overran the land,

And many a vale rang with their shout,

Chasing the Contraband.

“ I had two of those creatures poor
Concealed within my dwelling,
And how to make them feel secure
Was often past my telling.

“ Each morning, with first beams of light,
I hid them in my room ;
And only in the dead of night
Would ope their living tomb.

“ Often and often through the day,
Soldiers my house would seek ;
When, for the poor ones stowed away,
Trembling, I scarce could speak.

“ One morning there came to my door,
A squad of Moseby's troopers ;
With foam their steeds were covered o'er
From bridle-reins to cruppers.

“ They flung them down at cry, ‘dismount !’

‘ Come, woman, do not dally ;

Haste, if your life’s of aught account,

This day we leave the valley !

“ ‘ We want your meat, and bread, and wine,

The best of your providing ;

And—we want what you’ll divine,

The treasures of your hiding.’

“ I gave them all I had in store,

Just purchased from the village ;

I knew the vale was given o’er

To plunder and to pillage.

“ But when they rose to seek their prey,

With bosom deeply swelling

I told them I would lead the way,

If they must search my dwelling.

“ I lead them straight from room to room,
 From floorway up to floorway ;
 But when they reached my chamber's gloom,
 I stood against the doorway.

“ Now ye've seen all, I sternly said,
 Words that well my heart meant ;
 Save o'er my corse no one shall tread
 Within my own apartment.

“ They glared on me, those baleful men,
 As baffled tigers glare ;
 I heard the click of muskets—then
 I knew no thought or care.

* * * * *

“ When back, like flow of summer tide,
 Came consciousness again,
 The robber band had left my side
 And winding o'er the plain,

“ I saw the rebel horde of Lee,
In columns dense go by,
Fleeing as traitors aye should flee
Toward the Southern sky.

“ But all secure were they from ill,
Who in the covert lay ;
Than man, a power mightier still
Was outstretched on that day.”

* * * * *

Ah, Cumberland ! ill-fated vale,
Of pillage and rapine,
And blood-stained hearths, a darker tale
How oft must yet be thine ?

THE
NORTHLAND GIRL TO THE SOUTH.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H— E— H—

FOR blood ye've spilt—for conscious guilt,
No vengeance would I wreak ;
But for your weal, Southland, I feel
Anointed thus to speak.

From fort or crag, tear down your flag,
In scabbard thrust the sword ;
For fancied right, why longer fight
The battles 'gainst the Lord ?

Ye cannot win ! still steeped in sin
Your once fair land remains ;
And blind to all that might appal,
The bondman drags his chains.

In vain, in vain on battle plain
Your columns ye may wheel ;
Man may not save, nor standard wave,
When God hath set the seal !

In cannon's boom, read slavery's doom,
It knells across your sky ;
Though century nursed, the thing accursed
Must in dishonor die.

It man degrades, and woman trades,
Sells soul for sordid gold ;
Well said Wesley—" of villainy
The sum it is untold."

We know our land is never spanned,
By sky as fair as yours ;
But we inhale with every gale
The freedom that endures.

We would not change our mountain range,
And north-wind piping shrill ;
For your fair clime of rose and thyme,
And zephyrs soft and still.

For here, where Earth hath given birth,
To freemen true and bold,
Since first in sun at Lexington
Lay heroes stark and cold,

While wind doth blow and stream doth flow,
And the great God on high
Our life doth give, we'll freemen live,
Or die as freemen die.

The primal ban pronounced on man
By God in Eden's bower—
Through bloom or dearth, to till the earth,
Is curse no more, but dower.

For he whose hands the loom commands,
Or guides the share through sod,
Knows most on earth, of nature's worth,
And worth of nature's God

And lesson stern 'tis yours to learn,
No more may man be owned ;
The broad land o'er, forevermore
Must freedom sit enthroned.

Then, Southland, rise ! to self be wise !
Break every tyrant yoke !
Of Washington and Jefferson
The memory invoke !

Down with false lights, and soulless rites !
From traitors hurl the crown !
Let free flag wave o'er every slave,
The stars o'er every town !

So will you know the joys that flow,
 From act of justice done ;
And earth will see a destiny
 Of grandeur true begun.

Each State anew united, true,
 No blight on all or ban ;
Our realm will be, from sea to sea,
 Our watchword—" God and Man."

1863.

TO A COUSIN.



COZ ! it is a reaper's noon,
Though o'er me glows the sky of June.
Beneath a maple's shade I lie,
Where close the river murmurs by,
And save bee mid the flow'rets sweet
No sound comes to my cool retreat ;
And so all undisturbed I may
A "harvest noon" thus while away.
A sweet sound has the "harvest noon,"
It thrills you like some olden tune,
Or gush of winds in May ;
And he who e'er has worked in June,
In harvest field 'neath harvest moon,
Though years ago the day :—
Can tell how fleet the moments seem,
When stretched at length you doze and dream ;


Bid thought run golden in the brain,
As sickle rustling through the grain ;
Or, watch all awe-struck as you lie,
Some thunder-cloud loom up the sky,
While winds, a-soughing in the pines,
Foretell the storm's advancing lines.
And oh, if e'er the toiler now
May wipe with lightsome heart his brow,
For not, as for four weary years,
He reaps mid turmoil, doubt, and fears.
No more, as in the days gone by,
War meteor streams athwart the sky,
And lists he with a strained ear,
The tidings of our arms to hear ;
Or, leaping at his country's call,
Lets sickle for the carbine fall.
Now, as at noon-tide rest he lies,
What dreams may come of Southern skies !
Once more, where Shenandoah glides,
With Sheridan he gaily rides ;

Or, with a footstep, bounding free,
Marches with Sherman to the sea.
The bee may hum in clover near,
The blue bird pour its carol clear,
But trumpet call or battle roar,
His ear may startle never more.
Ah, soldiers, dream of vict'ries won !
And ring, ye bells, the task is done !
Saved is the nation.

* * * * *

Adieu ! why in this life doth man
Put forth or lay a settled plan ?
I know bright scenes far Westward lie,
And beauty basks beneath her sky ;
I know, while these have yet a birth,
And yon fair sun regilds the earth,
I should be welcome ; but how soon
I taste those sweets, or hear the tune
Of your fond voices, none know true,
Save Him who meteth just. Adieu !

THE ELDER.

HOU art the eldest of the three
That sit beside the aisle—
What would our house of worship be
If lost thy kindly smile ?

Through winter's frost, and summer's heat,
Through Sabbaths foul or fair,
Thou hast thy one accustomed seat—
Mine has been here and there.

A childish joy it was to scan
Thy garb, which spoke the sect ;
For in it, since my youth began,
No change might eye detect.

Plain homespun—naught of facing 'neath,
 (The same thy fathers wore ;)
And ever like thine honest faith
 The collar straight before.

The years may come, the years may go—
 From earth pass forms and creeds ;
Yet as clear stream thy life doth flow,—
 Thine answereth all thy needs.

Yet Time hath marked thee ! on thy brow
 Is scantier hair of gray ;
And bowed in form, with slow step now
 Thou walk'st up gallery way.

Not years of care alone oppress,
 But bosom's inward strife ;
And think'st thou of thy sorrow less,
 Than of misguided life.

When rang o'er every Northland glade
The nation's 'larum call,
'Mid first to grasp the battle blade,
Was he, thy son—thy all.

Ah, bitter was that grief-brimmed cup !
Thrice hard the right to see !
Thou could'st not give thy brave boy up,
Nor forbid loyalty.

Now where the sunbeams softly fall,
And grass o'er mound doth wave ;
Beyond the church-yard's ivyed wall,
Thou canst look on his grave.

I know, though June's sweet roses blow,
And summer airs are mild ;
All erewhile warmth thy life did'st know
Lies buried with thy child.

And soon—perchance ere from the lea

We miss the bloom and flowers—

Thy spirit sanctified will be

In better land than ours.

TO THADDEUS STEVENS.

HONOR, thrice honor unto thee,
Son of the Keystone State !
Brave champion of liberty,
And lion of debate !

Proudly, with all a master's grace
And bearing of command ;
Thou tak'st once more thine honored place
Mid councils of the land.

There, with an ever-watchful eye,
Noting each move on floor,
As eagle from its eyerie high,
Debate, thou watchest o'er.

And well the hall thy prowess owns ;
All craven utt'rance stills
At ringing of thy clarion tones,
Pride of our Northland hills !

And lightly bearest thou thy years,
Though three-score long has past ;
As pine, that sturdier uprears
With every winter's blast.

Ay, looking backward, thou canst see,
As phantoms dire of wrath,
The baffled hosts of slavery
Glide from the nation's path.

And 'fore thy raptured eye may rise,
Vision of future grand,
As his, who beneath Eastern skies,
Gazed on the promised land.

So honor, honor unto thee,
Son of the Keystone State !
Brave champion of liberty,
And lion of debate !

ELLA—A LAMENT.



STRANGER in a foreign land,
 A voice of tender grief
 Came borne to England's distant strand
 To speak of Being brief.

Ah, what a knell fell on the heart
 As to the ear it sped ;
 It pierced it like a cruel dart
 To think of Ella, *dead* !

Back, back once more to native vale,
 My heart swept at the sound ;
 I saw her not in death's grasp pale,
 But in young beauty crowned.

I saw her as I oft had seen

Her, in the by-gone days ;

Her lithesome form—her quiet mien,

And graceful, girlish ways.

I thought of church, and village school,

And pleasant paths she'd trod ;

All, all save death's dart cruel,

And form beneath the sod.

It seemed so hard that God should smite

A being all so pure ;

That guileless souls should take their flight,

Yet sinful ones endure.

* * * * *

And now I sit where once she sat,

By happy home-fire warm ;

And while I with the dear ones chat,

I miss an absent form.

The father reads ; the mother knits ;
 The sister cares for all ;
 Yet oft I know fond fancy flits
 To her beyond recall.


Yes, Ella ! though the mould is cold
 About thy place of rest,
 A loving place thou aye wilt hold
 Within each faithful breast.

We could have wished that thou wert now
 With us, e'en as of old ;
 But well we know that on thy brow
 Is seraph crown of gold.

Thy mission's done ! life endless won !
 No ill is 'round thy way ;
 But we, until this life be done,
 Must ever watch and pray.

Ah, yes ! the “ better part ” is thine ;
Unto God’s will we bow,
And trust, by aid of grace divine,
Some day to be as thou !

TO MAY.


AY ! May ! my greetings, May !
I've found a violet to-day.

First of the season,—in a dell
Where the earliest rays had fell ;
Where the softest winds had blown,
Where the warmest suns had shone ;
With its blue eye dewy, wet,
There I found my violet.
Marvel not that with the flower,
Came the memory of the hour,
I invoked thee, May, to bring
Violets to backward Spring ;
While from pleasant, cosy room
Looked we on a sky of gloom.

Often, often since that time,
Fragments of some cherished rhyme,
In and out and out of ear,
Have kept all the memory dear,
And as now I sit and write
In the deep'ning of twilight,
Thronging fancies round me play
Of thee and thy future, May.
Is it well e'en with thee now?
Sitteth pleasure on thy brow?
Do no storm-clouds round thee play?
In thy bosom is it May?
Ah, the bosom none may read!
Smile it may, yet inly bleed,
And while gayest seeming, care
With a vulture's beak may tear.
Adieu, Mary! may this day—
First of pleasant month of May—
Be an emblem fair to thee
What thy future life may be.

Take my violet ! woodland prize,
Mate to violet of thy eyes ;—
Soon will hill-side, vale, and lea,
Studded with such offerings be,
And the blue eye of my flower
Withered be, in lady's bower,
But the brief life it doth live,
It may passing pleasure give.

T O —.

HOU who didst bid me pass the time
Of eve in poet revery,
Blame not if runs the woof of rhyme
Through all its silken threads of thee.

For when did lady wish or care,
E'en from the days of old romance,
But what to gain her whim or prayer.
True knight would gladly couch his lance.

And we—have we not in the Past
Been “ladye faire,” and “faithful knight?”
Have we not into shadow cast
The days of Richard—Arthur hight?

When thou, O friend, didst scepter sway—
 How distant seems that by-gone time !
My province aye was to obey,
 And at thy nod, to prose or rhyme.

And if the time has been since then,
 A cloud has seemed to speck the sky ;
And sundered way and rusted pen
 Been lieu of by-gone closer tie,

Know, friend, thy subject would have bowed,
 At sovereign hest the ready knee,
But when unsummoned, all too proud
 To swear an unprized fealty.

But let it pass ! to ashes now
 The embers all are burning low ;
Nor do I care by clouded brow
 Perchance a causeless spleen to show.

So, welcome ! welcome back again,
From classic shade and musty lore ;
May unstrung nerve and weary brain
Find sweet repose from toil once more !

Ay, welcome ! the mid-summer days
Speak it with all their myriad tongues ;
Go out amid the woodland ways,
And breathe free air in school-girl lungs !

And not alone will breezes bear,
Of sympathy the deep impress ;
But kind, kind friends will everywhere
Rise up in love thy path to bless.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.



SEE the farm-house old again !

About the eaves the martins play ;

The sunken roof lets in the rain,

The walls are hast'ning to decay.

The rank grass chokes the flower-bed,

The weeds o'errun the garden wall ;

And, fibre clutching overhead,

The willows totter to their fall.

Beyond, the purpling cockle mocks

The plain, with guise of harvest bloom ;

And, from his tunnelled den, the fox

Peers out to note the twilight gloom.

I gaze on blackened walls that yawn,
While at my heart is gnawing pain ;
I think of those, the loved and gone,
Who ne'er will threshold cross again.

For ah ! time was when every room
Rang with its laughter, youthful, sweet ;
And mirth, that did its halls illumine,
Chased Time with gayly tripping feet.

Oh, days of yore forever gone !
I can recall some blissful hours,
When, roaming o'er the velvet lawn,
We wove our garlands of the flowers !

I see her slender form again,
The wild'ring beauty of her face ;—
(Dear image that will aye remain
While memory a line doth trace.)

Oh, stolen meetings in the grove !
Oh, ling'rings by the old hall door !
Oh, witching time of "young first love !"
I scarce can deem ye all are o'er.

Yet when I whisper a loved name,
I start as at a sound of woe ;
The winds take up the tale of shame,
The stream repeats it in its flow.

Oh, fatal weakness ! deep-dyed brand—
What woe rolled o'er, with sin's dark wave ?
A brother roaming foreign land,
A sire, heart-broken, in the grave !

I lean my head upon the gate,
I cannot go, I dare not stay ;
I feel the lowering of fate
O'er all my cheerless, future way.


Deserted house ! poor hopeless heart !

Ye both are sufferers by that sin ;

Neglect, saps all of builder-art,

Despair, gnaws aching heart within.

A · W I S H . — T O — .

ALF in hope and half in fear
I made a wish on the New Year.
Longing yet doubting, the desire
In bosom glowed, a fitful fire.
That wish, O lady, was to be
Restored to old esteem by thee.
I cannot bear to think the Past
Is by a shadow overcast.
I cannot brook the chilling thought
That to thy mind I am as naught.
Lady, I know I've bent the knee
Full oft in idle flattery,
And called to aid me every power
To while away an idle hour ;

Yet, lady, in the vainest time
Of passion, mirth, or idle rhyme,—
Above the low sphere of the crowd
As with a higher life endowed,—
Shedding on earth a starry beam,
Lady, thy memory would seem !
I bore it with me when afar,
I communed with it as a star,
We see and love, and in whose shine
Imagine attributes divine.
Since then, I've sadly learned to deem
Our friendship as a wild'ring dream.
I've seen aversion in thy look,
As though myself thou ill couldst brook,
And turning from thy side have borne
The galling knowledge of thy scorn.

* * * *


Give back the fragrance of the flower—
The glory of the by-gone hour !

Give all for which the sad heart pines—
The weary burthen of my lines !
'Tis breathed mid hope—'tis breathed mid fear,
It is my wish of the New Year !

1861.

O U R M O N A R C H S .

INSCRIBED TO MISS E— A— S—.

ITTLE, O friend, I thought to rhyme
About those grand old trees ;
From fairer hand a sweeter chime
Was to have been, to please.
But I rode 'neath their boughs to-day,
As they tossed full wide in glee,
And each stirring leaflet seemed to say,
“ Yes, sing your song of me !”
O forest trees ! O rare old forest trees !

An hundred years through branches bare
Has whistled the winter storm ;
Or on their foliage green and fair
Fell the rays of summer warm.

Yet still august they stand,
Close growing side by side,
The lordlings of the land,
Fond objects of our pride.
O forest trees ! O rare old forest trees !

An hundred years ! what changes great,
Bewildering and grand ;
To empire fair has leaped the State,
To glory all the land.
No more a province weak
'Neath foreign heel she cowers ;
But giant-like doth speak
With all her mighty powers.
O forest trees ! O rare old forest trees !

An hundred years ! the senses swim,
And bows perforce the head,
As file in columns misty, dim,
Generations of the dead.

What meetings mirthful, glad !
 What lowly uttered vows !
What partings tearful, sad,
 Beneath your sheltering boughs !
O forest trees ! O rare old forest trees !

And we the children of to-day,
 Sparks of the olden fire,
Oft pause we by the dusty way
 To wonder and admire.
“ Welcome, old friends,” we say,
 “ Be slow your course to run,
To cheer and gladden, stay
 Till our little life be done.”
O forest trees ! O rare old forest trees !

Take, friend, this poor, imperfect rhyme
 Of objects so admired ;
It will but peal a broken chime
 By hers, the golden lyr'd.

May long upon the green,
Our monarchs brave the storm,
And long, O friend, I ween
Thy eye look on each form.
O forest trees ! O rare old forest trees !

I N M E M O R I A M

BUT late, a gentle being blessed
A household with her love ;
Yet bore a sadness in her breast
All other moulds above.

For she was failing ! day by day
She felt some strength depart,
Yet kept she fell despair at bay,
To bravely bear her part.

And we who loved her, ah, so well !
(The friends her young life knew)
What could the bosom's anguish tell,
As still conviction grew ?

Long lingered hope amid our fears,
To brighten with its ray,
As ling'ring gleam of sunshine cheers
The scowl of winter's day.

Some word or act of olden time ;
Some flash of being all,
Would mind you of her girlish prime,
And banished hope recall.

Still with its pomp went Autumn by,
The woods were all a-flame ;
Yet duller grew the pain-dimmed eye,
And weaker grew the frame.

" But book I love," she sighed, " away
For me 'tis little worth ;
I read no more the poet's lay,
I have no more of earth."

“ But let my feeble gaze once more
Rest on the sky of even,
And watch the birds through ether soar
Up to the blue of heaven.

“ I know full soon will fall the rime,
The flowers will flee the lawn,
The birds will seek a warmer clime—
And I, too, will be gone.

“ But death hath lost the sting of pain,
As friend it draweth nigh ;
I seem to hear an angel strain—
’Tis sweet, O sweet, to die !”

* * * * *


Now winds, that standards wild unfurl,
Mid leafless branches rave ;
And drifting snows all eddying whirl
Above a new-made grave.

The wave, with wail of woodland blent,
The 'numbing wintry air,
All seem to make a wild lament
For one so young and fair.

I go to the old homestead, where
She moved in light and love ;
I see her books—her easy chair—
The walks she loved to rove.

Still hang her pictures on the wall,
Her plants bloom as of yore ;
But she—the sunshine of it all—
I may see never more.

L'ENVOI.

 'VE read in olden story
Of Scotia's cavaliers—
(What time for the Pretender
Uprose the Highland spears)

From banquet board uprising,
At pledge of fealty,
They drank, with head uncovered,
“The King from o'er the sea.”

Then dashed to earth their goblets
With draining of the draught,
That ne'er, from bowl hence sacred,
Should meaner toast be quaffed.

So, lady, 'mid the memories,
That host-like 'round me throng,
I pledge our olden friendship,
And break the thread of song.

We who have known each other
From days of early youth,
As earnest of the future,
I pledge a poet's truth.

The meetings shrined in memory,
That gild the days of yore ;
The loyalty and fervor,
I pledge thee evermore.

Ah, lightly, on these pages
The world's cold eye may rest,
So haply some low voicing
Wakes thrill within thy breast.

'Tis but a simple flower,
Nor bright of bloom nor rare ;
But starred would be its splendor
If twined amid thy hair.

But give thy smile as guerdon
To light my future way,
And from her Argus warder
I yet will wrest my bay.

NEW YORK, 1866.





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